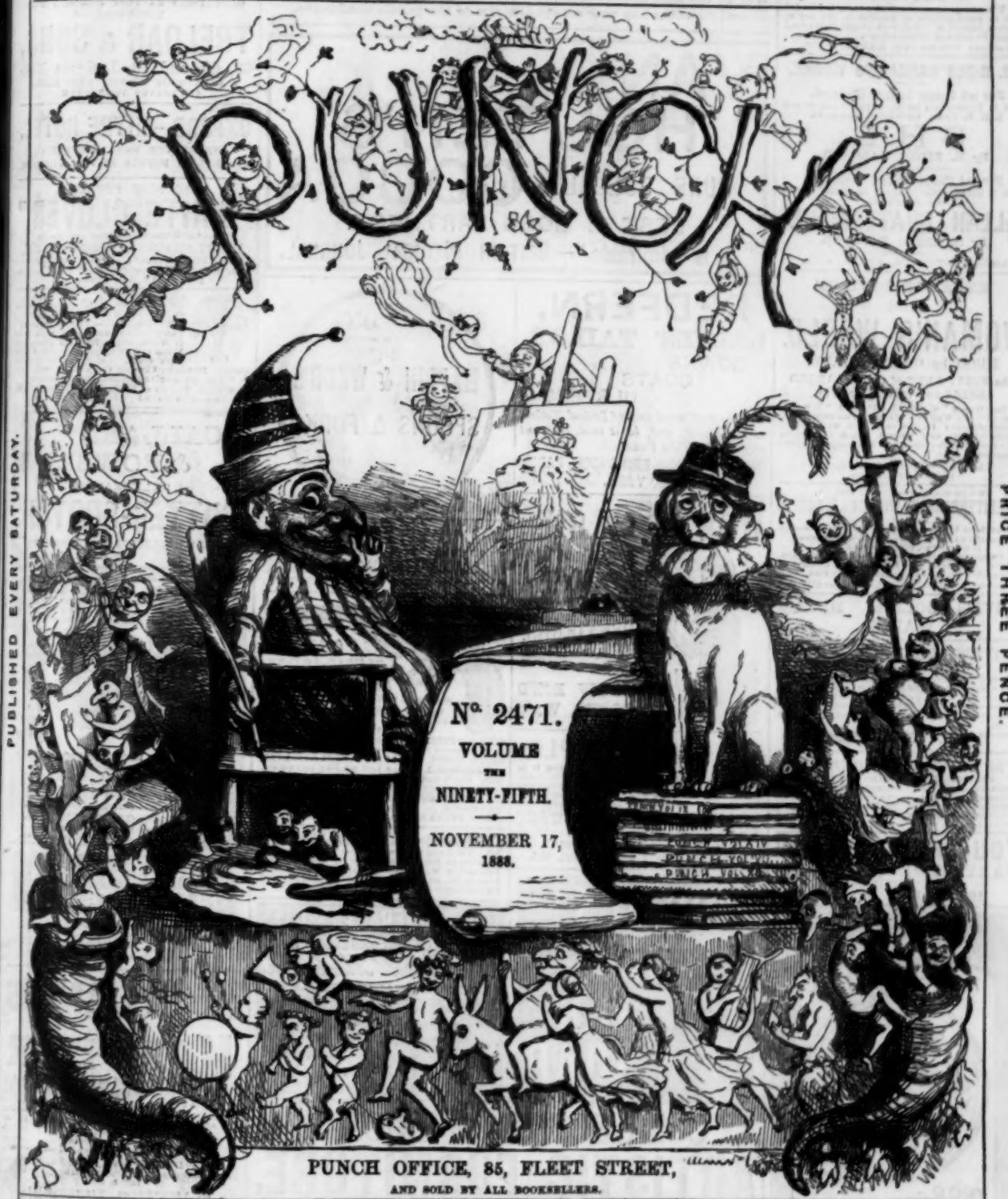


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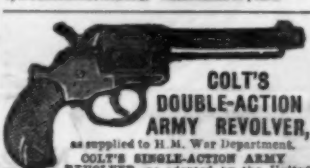
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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LET no one say that in the absence of LIKA JOKO from his own native village, there is no artistic talent left in Japan. Just look at the Japanese draughtsman's picture of MASE, one of the forty Ronins, drawing a bow as he points an arrow at the spectator, in No. 6 of *Artistic Japan* for last October.

I should like to have seen Mr. TOOLE's *Recollections told by Himself*, chronicled by JOSEPH HATTON, and published by Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT, illustrated by a Japanese artist, though Messrs. BRYAN and MARGETSON have done their work very well. It is a very amusing book without an unkind or ungenerous word in it about anyone in or connected with the theatrical profession, and this is saying a good deal for Mr. TOOLE's forbearance, seeing how easily and successfully he might have retaliated on those who of late years, under the flimsy pretence of criticism, have rarely missed an opportunity of venting their petty personal spite on the comedian whose well deserved popularity, and his numerous acts of generosity, must necessarily have made for him many enemies. Mr. HATTON in Boswellizing JOHNIE TOOLE has cleverly contrived to give the necessary "go" to most of the stories, which otherwise, owing to Mr. TOOLE's inimitable and original manner of oral narration would certainly have lost considerably when told in print.

There is one story about H. J. BYRON which Mr. TOOLE records as occurring a week or so before his death. The story is this: BYRON's coachman wrote to him to say that a mare in his stable in London was ill, and he wanted to know if he should give her a ball. To which BYRON replied, "Yes—only don't ask too many people." Now I, *moi qui parle*, myself heard BYRON say this, as he said it to me one morning at Ramsgate, where he was staying three or four years before his death. He was holding the coachman's letter in his hand as I entered the room, and was roaring with laughter. "My coachman writes," he said, chuckling, and pulling at his moustache, "to say that a mare of mine is ill, and asks me if he may give her a ball, as he wouldn't do it without permission. I was just saying to my wife

that I think I shall write and say, 'Yes—give her a ball, only don't ask too many people'—and then he laughed till he almost cried over it, so immensely was he tickled with the absurdity of the idea. There was a comparative stranger to him present, who did not see the joke immediately, and this made BYRON and myself laugh all the more. I've no doubt that so good a thing he repeated; but the fact of the coachman's letter having arrived that morning, is pretty clear proof that I was among the three first—the others were his wife and the unimpressible stranger—who heard him say it.

In No. 4, Vol. I. of *The Salon* I find the name of the French actor, GIL PEREZ spelt "GILPRÉ." Was this his real name, or is it a misprint or an error in spelling, like "chawtle in his joy," instead of "chortle in his joy," which occurs in the same number? There should be no mistake about "chortle," which belongs to the classic English of the Victorian Era.

Christmas Books are well ahead of the time when they are due. I suppose all much the same as usual, but I shall make a dip in the lucky bag, and select. To anyone in want of indoor exercise, on a wet day, I strongly recommend the perusal of Mr. WALTER BESANT's *The Inner House* (ARROWSMITH's Christmas Annual), as affording plenty of opportunity for skipping. It may please Mr. BESANT's admirers, but it struck me as an uninteresting namby-pamby romance.

The best Christmas Book I've seen as yet, that is to say, really a book for Christmas time and the children, is *The Marvellous History of Jack the Giant-Killer*, by RICHARD DOYLE. It is a book for boys by a boy, for it was drawn by him in 1842, when he was in jackets and turn-down collars. It was before he signed his initials to his drawings, with or without the eccentric dicky-bird; but no signature is necessary to inform us who the artist was that "inventidit druit, et didit," when we see these quaint figures of dwarfs and giants, and funny little creatures climbing up or hanging on to the border of every page. To have kept the letter-press in fac-simile manuscript is the publisher's mistake, as some folks will find it difficult to decipher: but this is of less consequence, as each picture tells its own story, and is delightfully grotesque.

I gave JOSEPH HATTON's *Captured by Cannibals* to a big boy to read. He polished it off—I am not aware that Mr. HATTON's style requires this treatment—and returned it with thanks, informing me that he thought it would suit younger boys than himself admirably. I read the volatile Mr. G.'s article on ELIZABETH and the Establishment in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. G. must have his own private History of England and defies State Calendars. He should write an Elizabethan drama for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, who might put him right in some of his historical facts.

Reporters differ. Looking through *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, by W. P. FRITH, R.A., with Notes (my own), I find that the modern HOGARTH gives an account of the banquet held in honour of MACREADY, on the occasion of that eminent tragedian's retirement from the Stage. Says he (after declaring that CHARLES DICKENS made an admirable speech), "and THACKERAY also spoke well and very humorously," to which I have added (in pencil in the margin), "This is news, indeed!!" Now, it happens, that Mr. JOHN COLEMAN was also present at this remarkable dinner, and according to him (he has it down in his book upon *Actors he has Known*, just published), the author of *Vanity Fair* made a mess of his speechification. To quote Mr. COLEMAN's own words, "THACKERAY, who had to propose the health of 'the Ladies,' would, I thought, have broken down every moment, not from the cause assigned by some 'd-d good-natured friend,' but from sheer nervousness." He moreover notes that BELWER LYTTON (who was in the chair), "seemed to him," to regard his rival novelist's "discomfiture with an amused and languid disdain which overlaid a somewhat deeper-rooted feeling." Again, the two historians adopt a distinctly different tone in referring to the speech of CHARLES KEMBLE. I give their impressions of the oration side by side:—

Charles Kemble's speech, according to Mr. Frith.

I was close to CHARLES KEMBLE, who spoke right well. . . . When the old man rose, feeble and bent, but with the old stately bearing, and in the sounding and dignified, though somewhat shrill voice peculiar to the KEMBLES, responded most happily to the toast, the rose was deafening.

Charles Kemble's speech, according to Mr. Coleman.

CHARLES KEMBLE, whom I saw for the first and last time on that occasion, made a somewhat irrelevant speech, in the midst of which he "dried up," and sat down.

Really, when the two autobiographers have nothing better to do, they might read one another's "Recollections." I am sure that one or the other of them will find something that he *must* have forgotten!

À propos of the stage, Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS (the well-known dramatic critic) has published a very readable little volume of essays, called *Byeways in Bookland*. It is pleasant to take a stroll through the leaves Mr. ADAMS has collected for us in these byeways. The leaves, although a study in "black and white," are full of charming colour.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

"BEWARE!"



Mr. Bull (to Miss America). "TRUST HIM NOT. HE IS FOOLING THEE!"

A DOUBTFUL Party's whispering thee,
Take care!
He can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He has false eyes, their gleam means crime.
Take care!
He's playing tempter all the time;
Beware! Beware!

Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!
His hands in blood he'd fain imbrue;
Take care!
And what he whispers is not true.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!
He has a lot of votes, of course:
Take care!

He is a fiend without remorse.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He'll give those votes, and promise fair,
Take care!
A demon gift is but a snare.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

A SAW ILL SET.

MR. PUNCH.—The writer of a recent review of Dr. MARSTON's work on Actors, adduces the celebrated definition of "Genius" as "an infinite capacity of taking pains," and ascribes it to Lord BEACONSFIELD. As you know, it passes for CARLYLE's. The house of the late Boer of Chelsea being tenanted by Spirit-rappers, who are said to have been invoking him—and BEACONSFIELD, too—at *séances*, the Mediums could easily set then to settle their respective claims to the above saying, if necromancers are not impostors, and if both the statesman

and the philosopher would either of them care to be credited with a stupid observation. But it is unlikely that any ghost walks in Cheyne Walk.

Why, Mr. Punch, you, yourself, the greatest Genius living, must of course, well know that, so far from being a capacity for taking any pains at all, Genius is an endowment which enables anybody to do without effort marvels and prodigies which nobody else could achieve whatever pains they could possibly take. Only think of HANDEL and MOZART performing and composing music almost before they were out of their frocks and trousers! Of POPE, who "lipped in

numbers, for the numbers came." Of BIDDER, and other calculating boys who similarly, when mere babies, could solve the most intricate arithmetical problems by a merely instinctive faculty. Don't you think, Sir, Genius had much better be defined a capacity of doing wonders, without taking any pains at all?

Wouldn't you say that you, in your own person, find an infinite capacity of taking pains a great auxiliary to Genius indeed, and quite essential to success in its highest flights, but something as totally distinct from it as a watchmaker from a TENNYSON, or a BROWNING, or even from you?

As to Lord BEACONSFIELD's authorship of the account of Genius imputed to CARLYLE, don't you think that it might just as well have been set down to Mr. GLADSTONE; and that, if it had been, that right honourable gentleman would be as much annoyed as you would be in case you were charged with having originated it yourself? Do help to withdraw from circulation a current misdescription of Genius altogether at variance with

COMMON SENSE.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"Mrs. KEELEY in a new piece!" sounds startling as a bit of theatrical intelligence—nevertheless, it was a fact last Friday. This lively and accomplished young lady of eighty-three played to a crowded and enthusiastic house for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Happy Charity to have such an advocate!—happy ASHEY-STERRY to have his lines so delightfully given! Not a point was lost, not a chance given away; the clever and experienced actress showed she had not forgotten a particle of her art—she had the same wondrous power over her audience that she possessed years ago.

At the conclusion of her address she said, with wondrous earnestness, in speaking of the children:—

"I crave for them your sympathy untold,
Your love, your help, your pity—and your gold!
The last I'm bound to have, for, you must know,
I played *Jack Sheppard* many years ago!
I've not forgot his impudence, his dash—
His rare persuasive power when seeking cash!
Stand and deliver—sovereigns, fifties, fives—
We want your money, for we want *their* lives!"

It is to be hoped that the eloquence and persuasive power of Mrs. KEELEY will have the effect of "sovereigns, fifties, and fives," being speedily delivered to the treasury of this excellent Institution, which is only waiting for money in order that its new wing may be built, and its sphere of usefulness substantially enlarged.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"MY DEAR SUSAN! I DECLARE YOU'RE GETTING MORE LIKE MARGARET EVERY DAY!"

"OH, COME NOW—YOU SAY THAT TO FLATTER ME!"

"WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU ADMIRE HER!"

A CASE OF SOUND MEDICINE.

"From the time when medical knowledge was first embodied in rules of practice, and probably from a much earlier period, Music has held a recognised place in the treatment of disease. . . . Lauded in connection, for example, with gout."—*Lancet*.

SCENE—A Sick Chamber. Invalid discovered groaning on a sofa.

Enter Doctor, briskly.

Doctor. Well, and how are we to-day?

Invalid. Oh, very—very ill! Worse, Doctor—worse!

Doctor. Dear me! Surely you could not have taken the medicine I ordered.

Invalid. Oh, yes, indeed I did.

Doctor. Sure you did not swallow the embrocation and use the sleeping draught for a lotion?

Invalid. Oh, no, Doctor; I was very careful indeed! (Sadly.) But they all have done me no good. I think I am worse than ever! Oh!

[Groans.]

Doctor. Dear me, that's bad! Let me see your tongue; and then you can tell me your symptoms.

Invalid (after showing his tongue). Well, Doctor, you see I have a pain here, and a pain there. [Describes in detail his ailments.]

Doctor. You surprise me! But I fancy I can put you straight. Just sing "*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*."

Invalid. I am sure I can't! I haven't sung for years.

Doctor. The greater the reason you should commence. Now, then, "*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*." Come make an effort (sings)—

"She wore a wreath ——. Now, then, go on."

Invalid. I am sure I can't. (Sings feebly.) "She wore ——" [Gives the rest of the song with unconventional variations.]

Doctor. Come, now, don't you feel better already?

Invalid. Well, I don't know; still—

Doctor. Of course you are! And now for a dance. I fancy "*The Highland Schottische*" is about your figure. Come. (Sings and dances.) "Rumtum titiddy-ee, tiddy-ee, tiddy-ee; Rumtum titiddy-ee, Ri de foll de dolly de?" Surely you can dance to that?

Invalid. I will try it. Let me see. "Rumtum-titiddy-ee."

[Sings and dances feebly.]

Doctor. That's right! (Takes his hands, and dances about energetically.) Never mind the twinges at first. They will go off by-and-by. (After a few minutes of singing and dancing.) There now! How do you feel?

Invalid (sinking on a couch.) I am much, much better.

Doctor (heartily). I knew you would be!

Invalid. And now, Doctor, that I am cured, do you mind telling me what was the matter with me?

Doctor. Certainly. I have treated you for a slight attack of gout! As you are not yet quite yourself, I will send you a Saraband to be danced before bed-time, and the music for a Polka-Mazourka, that you must run through two or three times before you have your breakfast to-morrow morning. And now good-bye, as I have to go and cure some children suffering from measles with a good wholesome dose of "*Sir Roger de Coverley*."

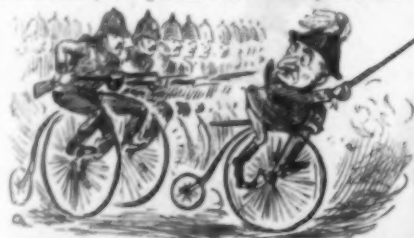
[Exit.]

A NUT PARTIALLY CRACKED.—It was recently suggested in the *Times* that cocoa-fibre would be useful as material for lining our warships. This theory, though not solving the old problem about the presence of milk in the cocoa-nut, does account for the hair outside.

MORE OF A UNIONIST THAN EVER.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN. Best wishes to "JOSEPH'S Sweetheart."

ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

THE revells was all over on the hallowd Ninth. The three most importantest persuns of the hole important City; wiz., the parst Lord Mare, the present Lord Mare, and the future Lord Mare,



The part omitted from Torpedo's Show by order of the Royal George.

was all comferally sleepin in their downy beds of lucksery; theappy Gests was all fled; the careful Committee Men had carefully locked up all the cubbord fulls of broken wittels, includin hole quarts of reel Turtel Soup, and several hole ams and fowls, as was all to be give to the Poor nex mornin, and the tired and sleepy Waiters had taken care that none of the fine old Wine shoold be wasted, and then sort their umbel omes; and the ony sound to be herd was the silent tread of the ever wakeful Watchman, who was, for some hours to come, the great City Surweyor. But why does he cum to a sudden paw in his silent rownd? why, after a close examination of it with his lighted dark lantern, does he xclaim, "Why, ROBERT, my toolip, what on airth are you dooin there?"

I was a sleepin the sleep of the onest but tired-out Waiter, under a Sofy in the Committee's priwet refreshment room, havin laid down jest for about 40 winks; and havin, in the dark, rapt a tablecloth around my manly figger, to keep out the cold, I must suddenly have cut rayther a strange apairance to my frend the Watchman wen I stood up to my full hight before his estonished eyes!

It was all the frutes of hover work. It is, I bleevs, about the werry fust time in all my long life as I have hever been guilty of sitch a hact of dense stoopidity, and I shall take preshus good care as it's the last. But my xcuse must be that it was all dun from a good cause and with a nobel hobjeck. I had herd sitch alarmin roomers of what was to be done, and what was not to be done, as respects the Sacred Sho, that I was deturmind to see for myself with my hone eyes, and hear for myself with my hone hears, and be redly to enlist the pore Life Gards and the pore Huzzas if they shoold be attacked by the angry mob who was of coarse natrally disappointed at being deprived of their speshal darlings, the Men in Armer from the reel Tower of London, and ROBBING HOOD's Merry Men from Hepping Forest, and Burnthem Beeches.

But I need not have bin alarmed. Why, the brave fellers played away on their drums and trumpits and orns and rumbones, all thru the shouting Mob, jest the same as if they'd a bin in High Park.

As I stood gazin at 'em with all the admirashun as I could muster considerin how werry cruelly I was a being shoved about by the thortless and hignorant Mob, I begun for to wunder how on hearth they ewer manages to do all they've got to do when they gos into Battel. The genelman as has 2 drums to play on, in case I wose as one shoold brake, woud always have his too drumsticks with witch to defend himself from the hinsolwent fo, as Othello werry properly calls him, but how about the gent with the orn? Supposing as he's ordered to "up Gards and at 'em!" jest think what he's got for to do. He has to play his orn, to guide his galliant steed, and to fite the Fo, and all with ony 2 hands! It's quite bad enuff for me wen I has to carry a Tooreen of hot bilin Soup, and a cupple of wine-glasses, and a carving nife in my mouth, but I reelly thinks as his case must be wuss than ewen mine.

However, a trowse to these reflectshuns, and let me pursued to state that, tho the "Royal GEORGE," the Commander-in-Cheef, did most unkindly refuse to let us have jest about ten or twenty thousand Volunteers to pertect us all, in the habesence of the six Men in Harmer, I can consenshusly declair, and wen I says that, I means it, that neether the Lord Mare's State Cocheman, nor his State Postilyun, nor ewen his three State Footmen, shoold by their pail faces any fear of the shoutin mob as was a scrowgin around 'em. What they felt in their hinnermost buzzums, them alone can tell.

The scoffin and grinnin Sinnick dowlless grinned and scoffed more than ewer when he seed the rain a poring down in the hurly morning; but if he had had my xperience he woud have known that, on all sitch important ocaashuns as Lord Mare's Sho, "The clouds will pass if we've pashens to Wait;" and so it was on Friday.

I got back to Gildhall weary and worn, and rumped to that xtent, that not nobody but them as know'd me well could ewer have took me for a hed Waiter; but a good wash and brush up, and a clean white collar and choker, and two glasses of old brown Sherry—the werry best rewiver as kindly natur ewer perwided for xhausted Umanity—set me to rites, at eny rate for a time.

ROBERT.

HOE DEAR!

READ GLADSTONE'S advice about fruit-farming, jam, cherries, apples, and all the rest of it, with great interest. Why do the poor congregate in big towns, instead of doing this sort of thing in the country? So improvident! Believe there's a fortune to be made out of growing fruit and vegetables for London market, and mean to try.

Have bought a small farm. Nice light soil. Owner (who seems very anxious to get away), describes it as a "pebbly loam." More pebbles than loam, apparently. "Scratch your loam, and you find pebbles." Owner shows me orchard, paddock, cart-shed, &c., and induces me to take over his live and dead stock at valuation.

Settle at farm. Twenty miles out of town. Nearest rail two and a half miles; cartage to railway costs more than I expected. Have to pay Gardener, too; pay him more (I fancy) than either of us expected. Buy some books on fruit-farming, and feel rather proud of my position. Shall talk (to friends who don't know much about me), of "my place in the country." Hope they won't come down and find me hoeing mangel-wurzels.

Rather disappointed with perusal of the books. Find apples don't like a "pebbly loam." Also only a few kinds of apples have any sale nowadays. Call in a horticultural expert, and ask him to inspect my orchard.

Expert comes. Condemns orchard root and branch. Says, "only thing to be done is to grub up these 'ere trees, and plant noo ones." Well, then, what advantage do I get out of the old trees? "None whatever," he replies; "might just as well have bought a bit of meadow." Depressed. I think of riddle—"What's the good of Acres when you can't get a Bob out of them?" Riddle depresses me still further.

Give up apples. Plant no end of cherries and gooseberries. Gardener says, "important for fruit to go off directly it's ripe." Mine goes off before it's ripe. Goes off altogether; boys steal it. Also plant cabbages and mushrooms. Gardener says, "a fine opening for mushrooms." Spend a month or two buying spawn, making beds, &c. What a lot of attention mushrooms do want! Call this "small culture," indeed! Find that the opening for mushrooms has closed when I come to sell them. Buyers offer a price which just about covers cost of carriage to town. I ask why? They explain that "public fancy has changed; mushrooms not in vogue—tomatoes are."

Try tomatoes. Try 'em out of doors, and get 'em nipped by frost. Try again under glass. Putting up glass very expensive. Gardener suggests grapes. After buying one or two choice varieties, find Gardener doesn't understand planting them! Buy book on Grape-culture. While book coming, put grape-plants in cellar. Cellar doesn't suit them, it seems. Finally, when book arrives, plants have to be thrown away. Result of first year's fruit-growing—loss of £300. Not making fortune yet.

"Can small farms be made to answer?" somebody wants to know. Yes, if you don't mind the answer being "No!"

This year try asparagus, in corner of large field. Very successful. Think of making a "corner" in asparagus in London vegetable market. Gardener falls in with idea, and we keep crop back for a time. Consequence is, when we offer it, nobody wants to buy! Have to eat most of it myself. Get perfectly sick of asparagus in a week. Sick of Gardener, too. Dismiss him. He tells me, just as he's going, that "them pertaters has the disease awful bad, and there ain't a cherry on the trees because of caterpillars." Winds up by saying, there's a bill coming in for "them sparrergrass beds."

There is indeed. Such a bill! Seems that nothing will grow on the "pebbly loam," but that first one has to "make" the soil, and afterwards grow things. Always thought farms had good soil to begin with. What's the good of the Creation, if the ground has to be made all over again?

Losses increasing. As last desperate resource try jam. Erect small jam-factory. Have one or two fields of strawberries. Find a man who says he understands all about jam-making. "Get equal quantities of jam and sugar, and boil 'em up together," he says. It sounds very simple. Sugar bill enormous. When jam made, it really does look and taste very nice indeed. Send it to London. Letter in a few days from agent to say he can't sell my jam at any price. Too pure. Public like it with more "flavour" in it. And this comes of making real home-made jam. What a fool the public must be! Sell my farm at fearful sacrifice, and live in a "flat"—rather a suitable residence. Turn Tory. Understand now why poor congregated in large towns. Wonder if they've all been fruit-farmers like me, and made as much out of it?

SUMMER IN WINTER.—Don't forget Mrs. JEUNE this winter. She makes her usual benevolent appeal on behalf of the starving children. "One pound," says the *Standard*, "provides an ample dinner for one hundred and thirty-seven hungry little ones." There's a Sovereign remedy for starvation!

THE CRAMMER'S LAMENT.

(Song for the Times.)

THERE'S a stir in the air; there are straws on the wind
That with dismal forebodings are filling my mind!



'Tis whisper'd the public, that
so long has slumber'd,
Is waking at last, and that my
days are number'd.

Oh! say not 'tis true, for if fierce
competition,
The secrets of which I have
measured so neatly,
Is flung by the Powers that be to
perdition, [ploded completely,
Dismember'd, undone, and ex-
Oh! I ask you, despairing, what
future there'll be

For a poor shunted, unemployed
Crammer like me?

One Result of Cramming.

For if they decide, in the service of truth,
To rescue the mind of intelligent youth
From a system that all its intelligence clearing
Clean right out of the way, ekes it out with veneering,
A showy acquaintance with facts but inducing,

And all solid knowledge away glibly casting,
Instead, in its place, its mere semblance producing,

And that for a fortnight, at most, only lasting!
Oh! I ask, if this happen, what future there'll be
For a poor shunted, unemployed Crammer like me?

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

October 30.—I should very much like to know who has wilfully torn the last five or six weeks out of my diary. It is perfectly monstrous! Mine is a large scribbling diary with plenty of space for the record of my everyday events, and in keeping up that record I take (with much pride) a great deal of pains. I asked CARRIE if she knew anything about it? She replied it was my own fault for leaving the diary about with a charwoman cleaning, and the sweeps in the house. I said that was not an answer to my question. This retort of mine, which I thought extremely smart, would have been more effective had I not jogged my elbow against a vase on a table temporarily placed in the passage, knocked it over and smashed it. CARRIE was dreadfully upset at this disaster, for it was one of a pair of vases which cannot be matched, given to us on our wedding-day by Mrs. BURTSETT, an old friend of CARRIE'S cousins, the POMMER-TONS, late of Dalston. I called to SARAH and asked her about the diary. She said she had not been in the sitting-room at all; after the sweep had left, Mrs. BIRRELL (the charwoman) had cleaned the room and lighted the fire herself. Finding a burnt piece of paper in the grate, I examined it, and found it was a piece of my diary. So it was evident someone had torn my diary to light the fire. I requested Mrs. BIRRELL to be sent to me to-morrow.

October 31.—Received a letter from our principal, Mr. PERKUPP, saying that he thinks he knows of a place at last for our dear boy LUPIN. This, in a measure, consoles me for the loss of a portion of my diary, for I am bound to confess the last few weeks have been devoted to the record of disappointing answers received from people to whom I had applied for appointments, for LUPIN. Mrs. BIRRELL called, and in reply to me said, "She never see no book, much less take such a liberty as touch it." I said I was determined to find out who did it, whereupon she said she would do her best to help me, but she remembered the sweep lighting the fire with a bit of the *Echo*. I requested the sweep to be sent to me to-morrow. I wish CARRIE had not given LUPIN a latch-key. We never seem to see anything of him. I sat up till past one for him, and then retired tired.

November 1.—My entry yesterday about "retired tired," which I did not notice at the time, is rather funny. If I were not so worried just now, I might have had a little joke about it. The sweep called, but had the audacity to come up to the hall-door, and lean his dirty bag of soot on the door-step. He, however, was so polite, I could not rebuke him. He said SARAH lighted the fire. Unfortunately SARAH heard this, for she was dusting the bannisters, and she ran down, and flew into a temper with the sweep, causing a row on the front door-steps, which I would not have had happen for anything. I ordered her about her business, and told the sweep I was sorry to have troubled him—and so I was, for the door-steps were covered with soot, in consequence of his visit. I would willingly give ten shillings to find out who tore my diary.

November 2.—I spent the evening quietly with CARRIE, of whose company I never tire. We had a most pleasant chat about the letters on "Is Marriage a Failure?" It has been no failure in our case. In talking over our own happy experiences, we never noticed that it was past midnight. We were startled by hearing the door

slam violently. LUPIN had come in. He made no attempt to turn down the gas in the passage, or even to look into the room where we were, but went straight up to bed, making a terrible noise. I asked him to come down for a moment, and he begged to be excused, as he was "dead beat," an observation that was scarcely consistent with the fact that, for a quarter of an hour afterwards, he was positively dancing in his room, and shouting out, "See me dance the Polka!" or some such nonsense.

November 3.—Good news at last. Mr. PERKUPP has got an appointment for LUPIN, and he is to go and see about it on Monday. Oh, how my mind is relieved! I went to LUPIN'S room to take the good news to him, but he was in bed, very seedy, so I resolved to keep it over till the evening. He said he had last night been elected a member of an Amateur Dramatic Club, called the "Holloway Comedians;" and, though it was a pleasant evening, he had sat in a draught, and got neuralgia in the head. He declined to have any breakfast, so I left him. In the evening I had up a special bottle of port, and, LUPIN being in, for a wonder, we filled our glasses, and I said,—"LUPIN, my boy, I have some good and unexpected news for you. Mr. PERKUPP has procured you an appointment." LUPIN said, "Good biz!" and we drained our glasses. LUPIN then said, "Fill up the glasses again, for I have some good and unexpected news for you." I had some slight misgivings, and so evidently had CARRIE, for she said, "I hope we shall think it good news." LUPIN said, "Oh, it's all right. I'm engaged to be married."

THE VADE-MECUM OF A CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Question. When is reference first made to you by the Press?

Answer. In the early autumn of the year, when paragraphs appear in the City papers briefly alluding to my antecedents, and noting my probable election.

Q. Have you then an opportunity of further advertising yourself?

A. Certainly. If I am energetic, I can let it be known that I object to something or other favoured by my predecessor.

Q. Can you do more than this in the same direction?

A. Well, there is no reason why I should not, in advance of the time fixed for my appearance in my official residence, notify the funds I purpose founding there.

Q. Is this not encroaching on the prerogative of your predecessor?

A. Not seriously; as when I do this he, from an official point of view, will be moribund.

Q. Then I presume you consider yourself well advertised by the banquet itself?

A. I consider it practically my entrance into public life; for in the papers next day my speeches, which hitherto have received little attention, will be reported at a length only second to that reserved for the utterances of the Prime Minister.

Q. Before attaining your exalted rank are your opinions considered of any value?

A. No, of very little value, and probably on my retirement the store set upon them will sink to the original standard.

Q. Do you not during your tenure of power obtain many advantages?

A. Certainly. *Ex officio* I am a member of the Privy Council, and in certain emergencies, this may confer upon me the performance of duties of the highest dignity. I have the precedence of an Earl outside the City, and when I dine in state can call upon the Sheriffs (or as in the future it will be—the Sheriff), to attend upon me.

Q. Have you not omitted something which adds to your pomp?

A. I presume you refer to my custom of marching about in the company of two persons, carrying respectively, a gigantic sword and a huge mace.

Q. Do not these persons, with their comic weapons, introduce what may be termed, the "pantomimic element" into your progresses?

A. Possibly, but their existence is sanctioned by long usage.

Q. You have too, have you not, a wardrobe full of official costumes?

A. Certainly. Some of the robes are extremely gorgeous, both in colouring and material.

Q. And generally, during your term of office, do you not receive very marked attention?

A. I do. My letters to the papers are printed in the leader page, in leaded type, my movements are reported with regularity and accuracy, and my presence in even the highest quarters is regarded with satisfaction rather than astonishment.

Q. And this deference is paid to you for a year?

A. Or rather, for eleven months, as my doings during the last twenty or thirty days of my tenure of power are considered of less moment than the proceedings of my successor during the same period.

Q. And at the end of your year of office what will happen to you?

A. If I am lucky I shall retire with a Knighthood into the dense obscurity of City private life.

Q. Will you, after your retirement ever re-attract public attention?

A. To judge from precedents, I do not think I ever shall.



UGH!

Little Darling. "THAT WAS A WHITE SUGAR-ALMOND I GAVE OO, MR. SQUEAMS. DOES OO LIKE IT!"

Crusty Old Bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question). "VERY MUCH INDEED, THANK YOU!"

Little Darling. "IT WAS PINK—ONCE!"

THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION.

(A Fable after the fashion of La Fontaine.)

A CERTAIN Lion, whose re-echoing roar
Had long been heard on Afric's eastern shore,
Had hard thereby a den convenient, spacious.
Leo was vigilant, not too pugnacious,

Yet always ready,
With strength exceptional and ardour steady,
To help maintain, even on that wild border,
His leonine ideas of Law and Order.

The King of Beasts, like other royal bodies

Who're not quite *fainéant* noddies,
Loved not the anarchical and the chaotic.
In fact his foes declared him too despotic,
Too apt to bring down his prodigious paw,
And call *that* Law.

At any rate our Lion autocratical
Was down tremendously on the piratical.

Now in that torrid region
Dwelt certain lesser beasts—their name was
legion—

Whose sole idea of kingship was sheer
[knavery]
Built up on Slavery.

Leo with tooth and claw was prompt to drop
Upon these robber-bands. He strove to stop
The grisly game to which the ghouls were
And long had striven

[given],
Almost alone indeed and single-handed;
For, though the other brutes he'd fain have
banded

Against these common curses of their kind,
He somehow seldom found them in the mind.

Greed, fear, and faction,
With brutes as men, are foes to common
action.

There came into that region, rather later,
A certain Fox. No beast had shrewdness
greater;

And, adding lupine strength to vulpine cunning,
He rather fancied he was in the running
For the reversion

Of Leo's sovereignty; indeed *some* said,
To share the Lion's skin ere he was dead,
Was an idea running in his head;

Perhaps 'twas an aspersion;
But anyhow Reynard, with all his tricks,
Found himself shortly in a sort of fix.

He hardly prospered as he deemed he ought to,
And sedulously sought to.

He was not trusted somehow, which seemed
funny.

When deeds of iron follow words of honey,
Faith fails. That queerest seems of para-
To Foxes.

[doxes—
So *rust* Reynard thought that he would try on
A sort of Confidence Trick with the old Lion.

He rigged himself in proper pilgrim guise,
With palmer-hat that flopped o'er his sly eyes,

With staff, and scrip, and scallop all complete,
And a long gaberdine that reached his feet,

Properly girdled; one in fact might term it
The costume for a new Peter the Hermit.

Togged in this manner,
He bore in hand a big emblazoned banner,
Whereon was written in much brodered
bravery,

"Down, down with Slavery!!!"

Thus robed, our Reynard Leo thus addressed:
"Leo, my friend, I'm really quite distressed

At the black deeds that shame this region
torrid;

They're truly horrid!

As for one cruel and kidnapping band,
They ought to be put down with a strong
hand.

You who're so noble, generous, and strong,
Must feel, I'm sure, that it is really wrong
To give free licence to this bad black trade.
Shall we not join, then, in a New Crusade?
You always were a bit of a knight-errant,

I've quite a fit of missionary zeal;
United, I am sure that you will feel
Our influence on this sin will be deterrent.

And—though *that* is, of course, the merest
trifle—

Help any doubts of our good faith to stifle
(I've found such doubts a little in my way).

Come, Leo, what d'ye say?"

Leo said little, but he looked a deal,
For, hanging at the back of Mr. Fox,

Girt to his body by a chain of steel,
He spied a certain box,

Savouring to Leo, who could spot a trader,
More of the bagman than of the Crusader.

"Reynard," he mused, "whence is this new-
born passion

For the knight-errantry not much *your*
fashion?"

Can it, oh! can it be a mere pretence
To gain prestige—and trade—at my expense?

True, it might task all [rascal],
Our banded strength to crush the desert
The battener on blood, whom I, 'tis true,

Have hunted long, with little aid from you.
If—if indeed

You meant it in good faith, his cursed breed
We'd quickly banish from this tropic shore.

But—is there nothing more



THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION.

FOX. "ACH! YOU ZAT ZO NOBLE ARE—ZO SCHDRONG—ZO MACNÄNIMISCH!—LET US IN ZIS ZO HOLY GRUSADE TOGEZZER CHOIN! YA?"

THE LION. "HUMPH!!!"



OUR NEW M.F.H.

"WARE 'HARE!" SHOUTED MR. TOPPLE, TRYING TO CRACK HIS WHIP,—AND THIS WAS THE RESULT.

Behind—like that black box—my foxy friend?
And is it like to happen in the end
That my good name will make yours brightly
Or you spoil mine?" [shine,

All this was muttered in the Lion's mane.
"Ah!" cried the Fox, "I see 'tis very plain
That you, so noble, so magnanimous,
So truly one of us,
Help in our new Crusade cannot refuse!"
Aside he chuckled, "Ah, my little ruse
Has fairly fetched him then, the blind old
Leo said—"Humph!" [sumph!"]

Moral.

When Fox with Lion hunts, one would be
sorry
To say who gains—until they've shared the
quarry!

STOPPING THE STRAND.

(A Church Catechism.)

Question. Is the church (of St. Mary-le-Strand) worth preserving?

Answer. The Rector naturally replies,
"Yes," so do the verger, the pew-opener,
the clerk, the bell-ringers, and the lay-
helpers who brushes the dust from the floor
on to the prayer-books, and from the prayer-
books back again on to the floor, once a week.

Q. How much money is required in order
to prevent the whole place tumbling on to the
heads of wayfarers along the Strand?

A. Three thousand pounds.

Q. What is the feeling of Londoners as to
the request for this sum lately published by
the Rector in the newspapers.

A. They wish he may get it.

Q. What is the chief complaint against
the edifice?

A. That, besides being ugly and unsafe,
it is an intolerable obstruction. That, just
where the Strand ought to widen into a really
noble thoroughfare, it is cramped up into the
dimensions of a narrow lane by this building,
leaving barely space for two vehicles abreast,
the foot pavement being reduced in like ratio.

Q. What is the remedy suggested for this
ecclesiastical obstructionist?

A. The Clôture—shutting it up, and then
pulling it down.

Q. Is not the church one of striking archi-
tectural beauty, so as to warrant its preser-
vation on that score?

A. Not at all. On the contrary, it is a bad
specimen of debased "Queen Anne."

Q. Would not its demolition deprive a large
and important congregation of a place of
worship?

A. It would distribute a congregation
averaging about twenty or thirty among the
multitude of other half-empty churches
existing in the immediate neighbourhood.

Q. Would not the widening of the Strand
sweep away some old and venerable speci-
mens of London Street architecture?

A. Yes, it would mean the removal of the
venerable thoroughfare known as Holywell
Street, with its high-class shops and noble
literary associations.

Q. What then is wanted?

A. That the new London County Council
should take the matter up, and knock the
church down, with what speed it may.

ON "ALL FOURS."—British Protectorate in
Borneo.—"Hugh Low (Union) Jack, and the
game." Other Protectorates generally suggest
another game.—Cribbage. But of course
this doesn't apply to us.

FRUITS FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BOARD Schools are not all paid for out of rates;
Nor *gratis*, quite, crammed Board School chil-
dren's pates.

Parents have still the cost in part to bear—
Not much, yet more than most of them can
spare;

Their tributary pence required to send
For children forced instruction to attend:
But, what with rates and fees for mental
"feed,"

Those youngsters get, however, taught to
read.

That knowledge they are mostly apt to use;
Fictitious literature in general choose:
Tales of adventure, villany, and crime,
Horror and vices, which their minds begrime.

'Twas hoped that education would avail
To elevate them in the social scale.
What profit may accrue from learning, see;
The Penny Dreadful for the Penny Fee!

FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Was *Banquo*
a sculptor? Shakspearian commentators are
unable to answer this question with absolute
certainty, but they are quite sure that he had
a Ghost.

ACADEMICAL.—"Messrs. C. V. STANFORD
and A. C. MACKENZIE, to be made Doctors
of Music, *honoris causa*," at Cambridge. The
libretto of the solemn ceremony will of course
be "*Cantabile*."

HISTORICAL NOTE.—In mediæval times the
rich Abbots of a sporting turn used to keep
hounds. Over the kennels was inscribed *Pax*.



EXCLUSION.

Policeman (at the Law Courts). "STRICT ORDERS TO-DAY, M'M. NO ONE TO BE ADMITTED UNLESS THEY'RE IN WIG AN'—THAT IS—BEG PARDON, M'M—BARRISTERS, M'M—ONLY BARRISTERS!"

HAND AND FOOT AT HANDOUB;

Or, What the Latest Intelligence is coming to.

SUAKIM, Nov. 12.—The enemy again continued last night their shelling operations against the Water Forts, making excellent practice, and succeeding in sending six shots in succession through the top of the General's tent, the final one being specially well-aimed, and going clean through his moderator, which it effectually extinguished. On lights being fetched, and an examination made of the ammunition used, much enthusiastic satisfaction was expressed by all the officers present on its being ascertained as a fact that it had been supplied by a well-known British firm. Its destructive capabilities having just been conclusively demonstrated, a high and flattering opinion was expressed on all hands at the circumstance.

This morning the long-expected reinforcements, consisting of five mounted infantry, one gun, and two artillerymen, having arrived from Egypt, the General determined to make a reconnoitring movement in the direction of Handoub, for the purpose, if possible, of ascertaining the strength of the enemy. This they were not long in disclosing, for they instantly threw out a thoroughly disciplined and well-equipped force of cavalry, about five hundred strong, which, sweeping at a charge down on the little contingent, capturing the gun, and sabring its defenders, much to his surprise, obliged the General to take to flight, and pursued him up to the fortifications, which he barely reached in safety, followed by a perfect hail of bullets.

It is understood that after this experience he will probably endeavour to impress on the authorities at Cairo the necessity of their taking vigorous measures, and despatching further reinforcements to enable him to cope with the situation, which he describes as "threatening."

This evening there is a rumour of telegraphic communication from headquarters, acknowledging the receipt of the General's application and promising the despatch of "five more mounted infantry, another gun, and two more artillerymen, in the course of a month or so," which they think will "meet the requirements of the situation."

As the mail is leaving, the Dervishes, who have just mounted twelve Armstrong guns in a position thoroughly commanding the Citadel and the Water Forts, appear to be massing in large numbers close up to the fortifications, as if meditating a determined night-attack. Her Majesty's cruiser, *Bouncer*, which is our only defensive resource in any emergency, seems, unfortunately, somehow

to have disappeared on the horizon. The General, who has apparently noted this incident with regret, seems uneasy, and is inquiring about cellar accommodation in the suburbs. Altogether the outlook is gloomy.

THE ALMIGHTY HALF-DOLLAR.

A SONG BY A SUFFERER.

"Facit indignatio versum,"

Florins are a nuisance—curse 'em!

CONFOUNDED coin, whose prevalence confounds
Finance domestic more than any other,
Why thus beset me on my daily rounds
With constant bother!

The Mint was mad the day it fashioned you,
And sowed you broadcast on enslaved society.
What man knows not the mischiefs that you brew
In vile variety?

You were not wanted; you are awkward, odd,
A coin which trade's arrangements do not follow;
And yet, beshrew you! you, like Aaron's rod,
All others swallow.

A shilling is the price for heaps of things,
A sixpence purchases at least as many;
And every moment from the pocket brings,
The useful penny.

Even the odd Half-crown may have its use,
But why bring you, you poor superfluous bore in?
What mortal ever wants, save to abuse,
The fruitless Florin?

And yet you crowd my pocket, fill my purse,
To the exclusion of brave "bobs" and "tanners."
I lose my cash through you, and—what is more
Perhaps—my manners!

Say, that a cab I call, the distance, say,
Is half a mile, the fare—of course, a shilling.
The tariff-rate, arranged, the which to pay
I'm not unwilling.

My hand in all my pockets wild may range,
But not one sixpence or one shilling collars.
(For if you change a sovereign now, your change
Is all "Half-dollars").

Cabby has none—cabbies are far too "wide"—
So, after lots of hunting, and much "bobbery,"
I pay two shillings for a half-mile ride!
I call it robbery!

Two shillings or four sixpences fulfil
The Florin's every duty, and their own too.
Why then the Florin, which of purse and till
A plague has grown to?

Silver I scarce can get, save in its form;
I've seven in my pocket at this moment!
Can such a curse—excuse my language warm!—
Need further comment?

Why flood the circulation with these coins,
Which rile the testy, and which rob the thrifty,
And only serve the servant who purloins—
The Cabman shifty?

I'm sure they rob me of ten pounds a year,
(I gravely doubt if 'tis not nearer twenty,
Which I might save were "bobs" less scarce, and dear
Old "tanners" plenty.

I've suffered long: at last my plaint's in print.
My plan—most men, I'm certain, will agree to it—
Is, call the Florin in! I hope the Mint
Will kindly see to it!

MOTTO FOR LORD MAYOR TORPEDO'S BANNER.—"*Pas Grand Shows.*"

MOTTO FOR EX-LORD MAYOR SIR POLYDOR'S BANNER.—"*The Period of D.K.,*" and "*After me The Torpedo.*"

PHENOMENAL SUNLIGHT AT NIGHT.—Of course our "London particular" atmosphere prevents us, at this time of year, from seeing a real English sun, so we adapt from the French, and the playgoer has only to visit the Royalty in Dean Street, Soho, in order to enjoy *Clara Soleil*, which, as the title implies, is a piece of a very light character.



Tuesday.—Pretty fair attendance in both Houses, considering G. O. M. and most of his merry men down at Birmingham, making speeches by the furlong. House of Commons plays second fiddle. Still, we've a few left at Westminster. The Curse of Camberne back again in full blast. Pops up suddenly at question time. Quietly floored by SPEAKER, but up again.

"They think they did a good thing in suspending me in July," says he. "Got rid of me for a week or two. But I'll make it up now. You'll see."

JESSE COLLINGS here too, and with Birmingham ablaze! "How's this?" I ask. "You in London when Birmingham's keeping political holiday?"

"Is it?" he asked, with look of innocent surprise. "Now you mention it, I did hear something about it; under the auspices of what is left of Liberal Association, wasn't it? And GLADSTONE was to be there. Yes, yes, I remember. They asked me to meet him in the Mayor's parlour; but I declined. Sorry to do it. Pained to hurt feelings of estimable person. But it wouldn't do. If I had accepted invitation, GLADSTONE would have been sure to have imposed upon concession. Too much would have been made of it: and I plumpily but regretfully said 'No.' Did you hear whether the proposed

gathering was abandoned?" GRANDOLPH here, enthroned in corner seat.

"Sorry to hear you've been ill, and are going to throw up the sponge," I say; for, though he's a trifle cantankerous, and apt to turn upon his friends unless they will consent to be his adulators, I like GRANDOLPH.

"You dear, credulous TOBY!" he cried. "Have you, too, been taken in by that *blague*? I'm pretty well, thank you. All the better for a rest; all the readier for work when opportunity comes. Perhaps it would please some people if it were true that I had broken down, and would not trouble them any more. But, with every natural disposition to oblige, can't please everybody. So I'm pretty well, thank you. Keep my eyes open, and my hand ready to strike."

A quiet night, with HARCOURT softly purring to himself on Front Opposition Bench, and OLD MORALITY thinking how pleasantly the mice may play when the cat's away. (*Vide Copy-book.*)

Grand Cross looks down from Peers' Gallery on the familiar scene and thinks of days that are no more. Another CROSS (not yet grand) appears on the scene, walking up to take the Oath. It is W. H., Member for West Derby.

"Do you think, TOBY," said Grand Cross, "he'll ever make the same position in the House that his father did?"

"I hope not; indeed, I hope not," I say, fervently.

Grand Cross stared. Think afterwards wasn't quite the thing to say; might have put it in another way. But a little hurried, and was thinking of something else.

Business done.—Supply.

Thursday.—Reminded of our loss by little incident that took place at opening of sitting. STORMOUTH DARLING took seat for St. Andrew's University. LORD-ADVOCATE used to represent St. Andrew's. Certainly, hard for anyone to take a seat when he's in it. But, alas! he's out, vanished with the snows of yesteryear. Made something in the City of Edinburgh, with a fat salary and a noble title.

Room for Scotch Members to breathe now. Early effect seen in debate on alleged malversation of Crown Lands and Waters in Scotland. Someone been selling the fishing rights on an Invernesshire loch, and turning banks and braes into deer-forests. Not a new thing; didn't happen during the recess; why wasn't it brought up before? Simply because the burly LORD-ADVOCATE was at hand, and Scots-wha-hae shrewdly thought they'd suffered enough in times past without wantonly incurring fresh danger. The MACDONALD's place scarcely filled up when FRASER MACKINTOSH, in his animated and picturesque style, clamoured about fishing rights and talks treason about deer-forests.

OLD MORALITY turns uneasily on the bench, and looks wistfully towards the corner-post against which the departed LORD-ADVOCATE's back was wont to rest with temporary impunity. Sorry for O. M. Tell him a little secret. Amongst messengers on duty at Lobby-door, is one who bears singularly close resemblance to the departed chief. About the same height, perhaps a trifle less burly, but with the same capability of extended shirt-front, the same pose of head, the same striking profile, and the same expanse of beardless countenance.

"If, old friend," I say to First Lord, "you could double his wages, practise him in the cultivation of infinite scorn of Scotch Members, dress him in a suit of the Chieftain's clothes, and prop him up with his back against the post at the end of Treasury Bench, you'd hear no more of FRASER MACKINTOSH."

"Thank you, TOBY," said O. M., pressing my paw. "That's a very valuable suggestion. I'll see if something can't be done in the matter before Scotch Votes come on next week. 'To be Forearmed is to be Forewarned,' as we used to write in fair round hand."

In the meanwhile ROBERTSON goes a step higher, and fills a section of the LORD-ADVOCATE's place, whilst STORMOUTH DARLING comes in as Solicitor-General for Scotland.

"CHARLIE used to be my DARLING," said OLD MORALITY, turning round to gaze at the venerable figure of the Member for Deptford; "now it's STORMOUTH. Life is full of change. Here to-day, we're gone to-morrow."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—House more than ever empty to-night. Great counter-attraction at Guildhall. Her Majesty's Ministers dining with LORD MAYOR.

"Some of them," GORST says, snappishly, "and some, if you please, not so. All of us asked; all accepted. Then screw is put upon all under Cabinet rank to make them stop here to help to keep a House."

Gloom and depression all over House. Quite a different scene at Guildhall, where the Aldermen go wild over ARTHUR BALFOUR, and the Alderwomen openly murmur, "What a nice-looking young man!" The Marquis sonorously eloquent. The LORD MAYOR looked well, and spoke well. Excellent beginning for what promises to be memorable year in the City.

Business done.—Junior Ministers kept in. Education Vote agreed to.

ADVICE TO A GOOD SERVANT.—Always keep your place.



"Grand Cross stared."

"WHAT IT MAY COME TO,"

Now that Royal Residences are put up to Let.

SCENE—Interior of the Government Auction and Estate Office. Plans of Castles, &c., on the walls. Official discovered asleep over an early edition of an evening paper.

Successful Australian (sharply). Now then, you Sir—wake up! Official (coming to his senses). I beg pardon—what can I do for you, Sir?

Suc. Aus. Well, I want to find some little property in London to settle down in during my stay in the Mother Country—a leasehold for twenty or thirty years, you know.

Official. We do not usually let anything under ninety-nine years, Sir.

Suc. Aus. Oh, I dare say we shall not quarrel about a month or two. But what have you got? How about Windsor Castle?

Official. Not in the market, Sir. It is in the occupation of the family.

Suc. Aus. (in a disappointed tone). Never mind; I am not particularly sweet upon it. Too far off. Anything Hampton way?

Official (referring to ledger). The Court, Sir, has been recently taken by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has got rid of his holding in the New Forest (which some say was not a good bargain) to a Native Prince just arrived from India.

Suc. Aus. (after a moment's reflection). Well, wasn't there a rather nice building in red-brick, Kensington way?

Official (smiling). I presume, Sir, you refer to Kensington Palace. I am sorry to say, Sir, I cannot do anything for you there. The Palace is let out in flats, and tenanted at present by Mr. HENRY LADOUCHÈRE, Mr. BRADLAUGH, Sir CHARLES WARREN, Professor BALDWIN, Canon FARRAR, Mr. DAVITT, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney-General.

Suc. Aus. (in a tone of annoyance). Dear me, there seems to be nothing you can let me have.

Official. (hesitatingly). Well, there is one property, certainly, in the market, but we can only let it to a very careful tenant.

Suc. Aus. I will be careful enough if it only suits me. What is it?

Official. Buckingham Palace, Sir. It has been recently in the occupation of—(Murmurs a well-known name.)

Suc. Aus. (impressed). Indeed! But why did he leave? Nothing wrong with the drainage, or anything of that sort?

Official (promptly). Oh dear no, Sir. The fact is he would cut down all the trees in the back garden, and we were reluctantly obliged to—

Suc. Aus. I see! Well, put it down to me—I will take it.

[Scene closes, upon the preparation of a lease for 999 years.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOMESTIC PETS.—If the Lawn-Tennis Net, spread, as you describe, over the top of your Area, is not considered by your neighbours a sufficient restraint for your two full-grown Bengal Tigers, why not keep them in the coal-cellar? You could then feed them conveniently with the tinned salmon you mention, through the aperture in the pavement in front of your premises. There being a Board School opposite, you cannot, of course, very well give them an airing in the day-time, but between two and three o'clock, A.M., in the small hours of the morning, when the streets are more or less deserted, you could, with the aid of nine or ten policemen, armed with red-hot pincers and crowbars, easily manage it. Anyhow you could do no harm in trying the experiment. With regard to the Kangaroo, having succeeded in getting it there, by all means keep it in the linen cupboard. If it show signs of growing obstreperous, give it chloral with its dog-biscuit.

CARDS.—There is an infallible method of securing all the four honours in your own hand at whist; but, by playing with pre-prepared packs, providing yourself with "advantage" cuffs and "expansion" sleeves, and dealing with a New York "Inuk manipulator," you may be tolerably sure of holding good cards. It would be as well, however, to be cautious in having recourse to these artificial aids, as your frequent detection in their use at any well-known West End Club might possibly lead to some slight unpleasantness with the Committee.

COUNTRY HOUSE.—If your servants are all giving you warning, because, as you say, the mansion you are renting for the summer months is "haunted," why not take the bull by the horns, and lay the Ghost yourself. You have only got to conceal yourself in the Picture Gallery, where the Knight in Armour comes along groaning every night as the clock strikes twelve, and waiting his appearance, hit him full in the chest with the warming-pan—and the thing is done. Try this. The celebrated Crusader of Bitton Abbey was met three nights running in this fashion, and he vanished eventually with an unearthly oath, and has never been heard of since.

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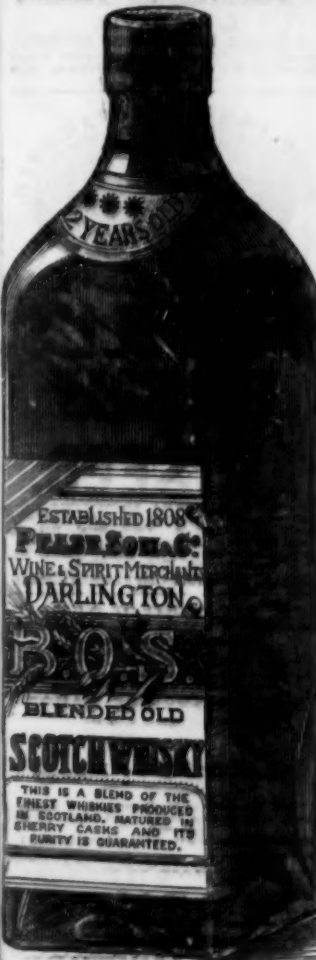
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